# in New York,



This roof top studio is not only interesting from the fact that it should have occurred to Mr. Partridge to convert the tin covered roof into such a workshop, but the white statues in the sunlight or taken in the evening dusk create the most pleasing impression and constitute a decoration so vastly different from the ordinary pleasure roof top that one might be said to fairly revel in "artistic atmosphere."

atmosphere."

There is, however, a roof top that is decidedly the reverse as far as the artistic side of life is concerned. It could be turned into the most delightful of studios, but in the artists' stead fifty-eight prize buildogs live, move and have their canine beings a-top a well known apartment hotel in West Twenty-seventh street. Now, dogs on a city roof don't seem just the nicest kind of thing, but there they are, and, what is more, there they are likely to stay as long as Mr. Earl towns prize dogs, for it is an ideal spot for them.

But to work on it.

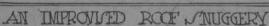
Roof Restaurants.

There are nearly as many roof tops occupied by cafés at present as there are summer homes on them. Here, surrounded by Japanese lanterns, hanging flowers, palms and banks of honeysuckle, you forget that it is a roof top in the city, and almost believe for the time that you are in some lovely garden in a far away land.

The garden that surmounts the Waldorf-Astoria and those at the other big hotels are the very perfection of the idea.

nels. There are brass mounted rings to hold the leashes. In fact, they are such fine canines that a street dog would feel utterly lost and out of place in their society.

The dogs are allowed to run at certain times of the day on the roof. They seem to know better than to venture too near the edge. For their exercise there is a treadmill. They like nothing better than to be put to work on it. put to work on it.



In the summer time, when New Yorkers are tortured by scorching winds and breathless calms, there is one place to which they may turn for relief. The roof top suggested a place desirable to sleep to the people of Jerusalem when they built their hanging gardens. It afforded Dickens a garden and picturesque surrounding for little Jenny Wren, and now, beyond its utility and everyday uses, it gives the tired, hot, panting man a place to be cooled by the first stray breeze that stirs on a close night.

by the first stray breeze that stirs on a close night.

More than ever this summer are the private roof gardens in evidence. Men and women seem to have discovered these places at last as the coelest in the city. Instead of sitting in parks they take themselves roofward.

The poor of New York have realized the value of the roof, and many families practically live there in hot weather. Many kind hearted landlords have so arranged their housetops that the tenants might get the fullest benefit. On the east side many of the grimy housetops have crude attempts at gardening, and the roof is the scene of many impromptu social gatherings.

On the skyscrapers of lower New York there are many roof gardens of which the general public knows nothing. In almost every business building of size the superintendent occupies the top floor with his family. The apartments open on to the roof, and it is only natural that he should convert this stretch of gravelled roofing into a pretty summer roof ton.

of farming as to plant and raise radishes and

of farming as to plant aid raise radishes and young onions.

When night comes hammocks are strung on the roof tops, divans are brought out and here, with the breeze from the bay, the family sleep as safely and as comfortably as though they had sought some seaside resort. When early morning comes they literally take up their beds and walk, and the roof assumes then the part of playground for the childrem.

Aside from the gardens on the downtown buildings there are some uptown roofs that are used as work-a-day and pleasure places. In the United Charities Building on the top floor Mr. William Ordway Partridge has made his atelier. From the studio rooms there is a small door opening on a large and pleasant roof. Out here is the plaster room in an extension of the studio proper. Save for this the roof top is perfectly clear.

\*\*Mr. Partridge's Aerial Studio.\*\*

Mr. Partridge's Aerial Studio. "If the groves were God's first temples," said Mr. Partridge, as he stood on his roof-



FOR REST AND WORK - A SCULPTOR'S ROOF

top looking over at Diana, of Madison square, "why, pray, should not the sky, the most beautiful dome of all domes, make the best studio covering?"

Mr. Partridge works with his assistant in the broad daylight, where the exact value of every part of his work can be appraised.

Whereas under the light of the studio glass and in confined space the statue would assume vastly different effects and seeming proportions, on the roof top, where great Nature herself surrounds all, the work is viewed to best advantage in the light in which it is finally to be placed.

The tower that rises from one corner of the building is a place where a bachelor might find a haven of rest. It is steam heated, the windows are high in the walls and cast that subdued light over the place that is usually associated with very different things than kennels. Along two sides of the room are ranged the kennels. In them are little dogs, big dogs and brown and white dogs, of all ages. Some of them are sick, most of them well, and nearly all of them are either already prize winners or stand on the list only waiting for the next bench show.

A RUSTIC ROOF ARBOR

These aristocrats of dogs are confined behind brass rods and live in stained oak ken- the worldly housetop.

The uptown roof restaurants are usually conducted only at night, but downtown there is such a place on one of the highest of the skyscrapers, where dinner is served at as early an hour as five o'clock. Here the view of the bay is superb, and a man tired from the business of the street finds

comfort and rest.

One of the unique uses for the roof top is that of turning it into a church. This is done on top of a large building in Eighth avenue, and at evening the place is crowded and the air about resounds with music different indeed from that which usually arises from

### and Hospital Where Birds' Ills Are Cured by Skilled and Gentle Hands. Hotel

## In Clean and Sunny Surround-® ings Many Precious Pets Are Restored to Health.

O doctor birds, cure their diseases, mend their broken legs, give them new feathers, make them fat and set them singing for joy again is wenderful to those who have seen.

it done.

Miss Virginia Pope is a bird doc-

Miss Virginia Pope is a bird doctor and proprietor of the bird hotel up town. To treat invalid songsters more successfully she has established a bird sanitarium, where prize canaries, \$2,000 parrots and all kinds of pet birds are doctored, boarded and cared for. In case of death, if desired, birds are interred in a private cemetery somewhere in Westchester.

Just how Miss Pope came into the profession is interesting. From childhood she had studied birds, but never dreamed of making herself a bird doctor. One day, walking through the bird department of a big store in Boston, she was shocked at the foul condition of a lot of imported canaries. Their cages were stacked up like cord wood, filled with fancy birds, one hundred in each cage, from Germany. She got permission from the manager to investigate. She found the birds overcrowded, with no chance for proper feeding or cleanliness. The foreman confessed that the birds had not been bathed nor the cages renovated since they left Germany. bathed nor the cages renovated since they left Germany.

Miss Pope then began a movement that revolutionized the cruel features of bird importation. Result:—Rigid rules, strictly enforced, for proper treatment of the hundreds of thousands of birds annually shipped

All this took labor and time, and before Miss Pope had finished her reforms she found herself deep in the work—not only a

# MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS. FOLKS



Mrs. E. Williama, 588 Ellicott square, Buffalo, N. Y. Lost in Weight. S7 lbs. Lost in Weight. S7 lbs. Lost in Bust. S inches Lost in Hips. 20 inches This pleture gives you an idea of my appearance before and after my reduction. My health it perfect. I never enjoyed better health in my life; not a wrinkle to be seen. Why carry your burden longer when relief is at hand?

DR. SNYDER guarantees his treatment to be perfectly harmless in every particular. No starving, no detention from business, no wrinkles or discomfort. A 40-page booklet telling all about it free. Call or write to-day.

H. W. F. SNYDER, M. D.,

Masonie Temple, Chicago, Ill.,
or 156 5th Av., New York.

bird philanthropist, but a bird doctor, for she had saved hundreds of half famished and crippled birds, rescued from stifling cages in overcrowded bird marts.

Her Bird Hote ..

At last she had found a mission and a calling, and she established a bird hospital and hotel combined. Her place at No. 1,934 Broadway, at Sixty-fifth street, is a verita-ble concert hall of songsters and talking birds, many belonging to the Four Hundred, sent for summer boarding and repairs.

storm and wonder if the soul of a bird is not near to heaven.

If a canary or an oriole arrives with gripes and chills, its little stomach is dosed with olive oil and the bird put to sleep on a hot water bottle. When convalescent, birds are sometimes laid in long swinging bandages, to swing like boughs of a willow tree. Sick parrots, big and saucy, have their nails clipped and manicured and lessons taught them in good manners. Each cage is tagged with the name, age, disease, history and number of the case.

"I try to please, giving birds homoeopathle or allopathle treatment, as desired. Weak birds need iron, not rusty nails in a glass of water, but red Jersey gravel. It is best to nave enough sulphur to counteract the conhave enough sulphur to counteract the conference of its mouth and tried to see its friend through sightless eyes. The wee thing could only move its lids, as if saying, "Bless you, dear lady," in its dumb, elonguent way.

Song from the Skies.

Miss Pope told of a lark, brought her by a lady for treatment, with its third stroke of paralysis. It had no legs, but it could five and see. Human eyes moistened when the lark's song of the skies. With no legs or feet to stand on, it flew to its mistress.

Miss Pope told of a lark, brought her by a lady for treatment, with its third stroke of paralysis. It had no legs, but it could fly and see. Human eyes moistened when the little songster attempted its far away songthe lark's song of the skies. With no legs or feet to stand on, it flew to its mistress and nestled itself asleep in the folds of her draws

dress,
Quite a different bird was the two thou-Quite a different bird was the two thousand dollar Mexican parrot sent to board by a family of wealth. Charlie was its name. It knew more than a boy fresh from high school. It said "Good morning" to every member of the family and played peck-a-boo until breakfast. Then it called each child by name, crying "It's time for school. Get your hat, and look out for the trolley. Don't get hurt," and so on, repeating all the morning conversation of the family.

He was no Miss Pope and fall asleep in the hand that had saved its life.

A happy family experiment at the bird hotel was such a success that every member was on good terms with its neighbor. A cat and a canary became inseparable. Visitors said the cat was not to be trusted, and, sure enough, one day pussy was seen dashing out of the door with the bird in her mouth, followed by a strange, fierce cat, with a tall like a feather duster.

But presently the house cat returned with

In the evening, when the lights were In the evening, when the lights were turned on, the parrot called to the children "Get your books and study your lessons. The parrot could spell words of three syllanes, such as "A good girl," "A bad boy." A ring at the door was answered by the parrot, "Come in!" sometimes shrilly, sometimes with the croak of a raven. The bird was taught to say things over the tele-

Injured Canaries Cheerfully Await the Mending of Their Limbs.

sweltering day a lady brought a mere whisper of a bird named Bumblebee, with chills and fever. Miss Pope warmed it in her hand and forced a few drops of medicine down its throat. Seon it began to tremble and nestle in her palm; then came to life. Vitality and warmth worked wonders. The bird looked into her face with dim eyes, sang a murmuring note or two, then went off into fever. But it was finally cured. Then its delight was to force its way out of the cage, ily nestling to Miss Pope and fall asleep in the hand that had saved its life.

But presently the house cat returned with the bird perched on its head between the cat's ears, and they were greater friends than ever.

In answer to questions about canaries, Miss Pope says that from 150,000 to 175,000 canaries are imported annually. Peasants in the Hartz Mountains, in Germany, breed and train them. If kept near nightingmes and skylarks, within hearing but out of sight, the canaries soon sing beautifully.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

IS A DISEASE! "Will-Power" Will Not Cure It.

"Will-Power" Will Not Cure It.

Drink is the greatest curse of mankind. Many a young man of greatest promise has found the dishonored grave of a drunkard instead of an honorable place in society.

Physicians have long recognized that continued induigence in alcoholic stimulants causes the stomach and digestive organs to become diseased. In the vast majority of cases, therefore, habitual drunkenness is a physical disease, and no amount of mental resolve or "faith cure" will cure it.

"ORRINE" WILL POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURE THE DRINK HABIT. We guarantee this and will refund the money should the remedy fail. But it never does fall:

"ORRINE" is insteless, oderless and color-less, and can be given without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee, water or milk. It tones up the diseased stomach and gives a hearty appetite and good digestion.

Members of the W. C. T. U., clergymen, physicians and public men all over the land endorse this wonderful remedy.

Rev. Thos. C. Easton, D.D., 627 E. Capitel St., Washington, D. C., writes: "I can safely affirm, from cases under my personal observation, that ORRINE is a marvelous and permanent remedy for chronic inschriates."

\$1 per box, G boxes for \$5. Securely scaled; nontremedy for chronic inschriates."



A CONVALENCENT IN A JWING BANDACE

Sagacious parrots, old and young, size up visitors. If of fine raiment and cultivated speech, the parrots talk their best, with the singing birds going it like music boxes. The wonderful difference between common, cheap birds and the melodious accents of prize songsters is extraordinary.

Miss Pope is a good housekeeper. Her establishment, sweet and clean, is flooded with sunlight. It is like a woodland forest, with the birds singing for joy. Some are unable to sing, for they are sick, being diagnosed, their temperature taken and remedies given. Broken legs are set and bandaged, sometimes in splints, sometimes in court plaster. A touch of gum arable applied with a brush mends many a leg, some no larger than a knitting needle.

I saw a little cockeyed fellow, as funny as a Yonkers poet, standing on a stump of a

a Yonkers poet, standing on a stump of a leg, like a broken match, which he used with his good leg in keeping erect on his trapeze. It was heart touching to hear the brave little innocent trying to outsing all the rost as he balanced himself on that wee match of a leg. Read what Carlyle says of Robert Burns' poem on the robin in the wintry



TAKING THE TEMPERATURE

stipating iron in the gravel. No hanging of house birds out of doors, especially if cold or damp. They weaken and die as a result. Damp perches cause rheumatism. Bathing in rose water cures sore feet."

Miss Pope had a dear little bird no larger than one's thumb in a lady's embroidered work basket. The bird, blind and partially paralyzed, lay on its side in the siken lings of the basket. When she held it to her face it put its little bill to her cheek, helpless and pathetic in its affection. She placed a seed at a time in its bill, which opened wide as it lay as if dead in her hand. Birdie crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell responsible of the bird. It finally died of asthma and wide as it lay as if dead in her hand. Birdie crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell responsible to the color of the wire. When she kinds. It always recognized its mistress' voice on the wire. When she he dists. It always recognized its mistress' voice on the wire. When she called, "Hello, Charlie, how are you?" the parrot croaked back, "Hello, mamma, it's time to go to bed."

Besides all this the \$2,000 parrot sang nine different songs. One day death passed that way. A sudden change of weather brought pneumonia. "Poor little Charlie," the bird as seed at a time in its bill, which opened wide as it lay as if dead in her hand. Birdie crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell crushed the seed, hulled it, cast the shell remedy.

Best Thos. C. Easton, D.D., 627 E. Capitel St., Washington, D. C., writes: "I can safely affirm, from cases under my personal observation, that of the list of the seed its mistress' voice on the wire. When she he as a result. Hallow, Charlie, how are you?" the parrot croaked back, "Hello, mamma, it's time to go to bed."

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GENTLE HANDLING OF A FEATHERED PATIENY